

THORNE

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

CRESTWOOD HOUSE

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE









IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

BY IAN THORNE
ADAPTED FROM A SCREENPLAY BY HARRY ESSEX
FROM A STORY BY RAY BRADBURY



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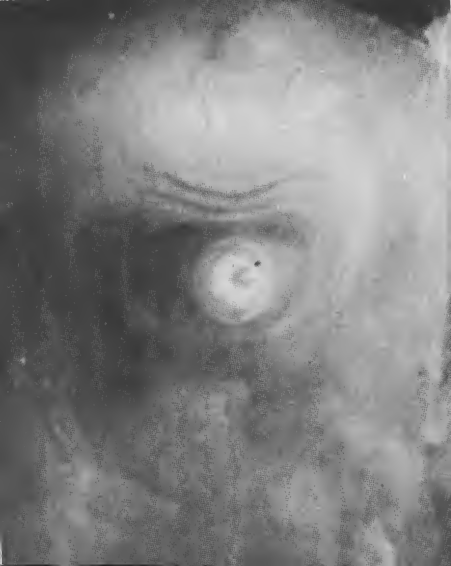
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CRASH OF THE STAR SHIP

"The power is failing, Commander."

"Is there nothing you can do?"

"No. It is a flaw in the matter converter. We lack the element copper."

"How long before total power failure?"

"Only seven minutes, Commander."

"I see. Navigator!"

"Yes, Commander?"

"Select a star system with a suitable planet for emergency landing."

"There is only one within range, Commander."

"Well — ?"

"It is inhabited, Commander. There would be great danger. The locals are primitive. Hostile. They have never traveled in space. They would never help us. Not willingly."

"Then they must do it unwillingly! Prepare for crash landing! . . ."

The enormous spaceship headed for the dangerous planet. It looked like a big blue marble painted with swirling white clouds. The Commander watched it get larger and larger in the view-screen. He blinked his eyes. His breath came in short, fearful spurts, making a tinkling sound. His hands, like clear jelly, gripped the controls.

The spaceship entered the atmosphere. It glowed like a shooting star as it fell to Earth.

The movie "It Came From Outer Space" was produced in 1953. The original story was by Ray Bradbury, and the screenplay by Harry Essex.



John Putnam (Richard Carlson) and Ellen Fields (Barbara Rush) scan the sky for meteors.

It was a beautiful night in Sand Rock, Arizona. John Putnam and Ellen Fields stood outside John's house at the edge of the desert. They were using a telescope. Astronomy was one of John's hobbies. He earned his living writing science fiction stories, but didn't make much money. It was 1953. Most people thought that tales about outer space were just "silly Buck Rogers stuff."



"Look, John!" Ellen exclaimed. "A meteor!"

A bright streak had appeared in the starry sky. It became a huge stream of fire. Both Ellen and John cried out as the meteor hissed and roared overhead. It headed toward the mountains north of John's house. There was a loud explosion.

"It hit near the old mine!" John said.



The helicopter hovers above the crater.

Quickly, John and Ellen ran for the car. They drove down the road to a small airfield. It was owned by their friend, Pete Davis.

John banged on the door. "Wake up, Pete!" he called. "We need you and your chopper!"

Pete finally appeared. At first, he thought John and Ellen were crazy when they told him about the meteor. But finally he agreed to fly them to the old mine.

The helicopter fluttered over the moonlit desert toward the mountains.

"Look down below," John said, pointing. "Now will you believe us?"

"Son of a gun!" said Pete. "I'll take 'er down!"

What John had pointed out was an enormous hole in the desert floor. It was a crater marking the place where the meteor had crashed. Smoke still rose from the depths.

"That's sure something!" Pete said as he landed the chopper.

"It's the most important thing that's ever happened in Sand Rock," John said. "I'm going down inside and take a look."

"Maybe you better wait till daylight," Pete said.

But John was already climbing out of the chopper. "Wait? Not on your life!" He hurried to explore the crater that had been made by the thing from outer space.

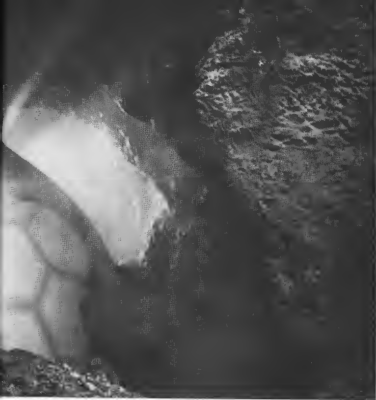
John decides to investigate.





John slid down the inside of the crater. He was wild with excitement. A meteor! Less than an hour ago, the thing had been soaring through empty blackness, out beyond the moon. And now it was here!

Mist filled the lower depths of the crater. John strained to see. Something was glowing down there.



Then a gust of wind blew the mist away. John could not help gasping aloud. There it was!

A huge round thing, partly buried. Shining like an eerie giant lamp globe. A pattern of six-sided figures on its surface. Hexagons. And in its side, a hexagonal opening . . . like a door.



John approaches the door of the strange ship.

John caught his breath. Sudden fear swept over him. This could not be a meteor. Meteors were rough chunks of metal or rock. They certainly did not have six-sided patterns on them.

John approached closer. He seemed to hear a strange tinkling sound from within the opening. And was there something moving inside? On the ground in front of the "door" were bits of glittery matter. They made a kind of trail, leading away from the thing.

"Is anyone there?" called John

The opening began to close. And at the same time, there was a rumbling sound. An avalanche of earth was starting to pour down the crater's side.

John leaped out of the way. The landslide grew. Tons of rock and sand tumbled down, burying the mysterious thing from outer space.

"Johnny! Johnny!" cried Ellen.

"I'm all right," he called. He came scrambling back up to the rim of the crater. "There was a — a kind of ship down there," he told Ellen and Pete. "A ship from outer space!"

"You've been writing too many of those crazy stories," Pete scoffed. "Rocket ships! What next? Martians?"

"I saw it," John insisted.

Pete peered into the crater. "I don't see anything."

"The landslide buried it," John said.

Pilot Pete Davis and Ellen wait for John to return.



"Very funny," Pete said wearily. He refused to believe a word of what John told him.

"Here come more cars," said Ellen.

The noise of the falling meteor had brought others out to investigate. Sheriff Warren drove up. In another car was Dave Loring, owner of the Sand Rock Daily Star. Going against Ellen's advice, John told them what he had seen.

"There's some kind of ship down there."

Loring grinned at John. "Oh? A ship from one of those stars you write about?"

"Did you see it?" Sheriff Warren asked Ellen.

"Well — no," she admitted.

The Sheriff turned to Pete. "How about you?"

Pete only shrugged.

John exclaimed, "I tell you, it was a ship. And what's more, I think there was some form of life inside!"

"Little green men?" Loring suggested, laughing.

"Go ahead! Laugh!" said John stubbornly. He turned to Sheriff Warren. "If you're smart, you'll seal off this area until we know what we're up against!"

"Please take me home now, John," said Ellen.

"Perhaps tomorrow we can find out the truth."

The two of them, with Pete, climbed back into the helicopter. They returned to the airfield. As John and Ellen headed for the car, Pete called: "Watch out for Martians on the way home!"

Scowling, John helped Ellen in. They drove away.

"They all think I'm nuts," John muttered. "I sup-



Is there something out there?

pose you do, too.”

“You saw something strange,” Ellen said softly. “But if you could only . . . Oh, Johnny! I don’t want them to laugh at you!”

He smiled grimly. “It wouldn’t be the first time.”

Suddenly, something rushed past the hood of the speeding car. “What was that?” Ellen cried.

John stopped the car. “I saw it, too,” he said. He took out a gun. He shone the car’s spotlight into the darkness. But there was nothing there . . .

. . . except a faint trail of glittering matter leading across the road and into the darkness.



THE SHAPE-CHANGERS

Early the next morning, John and Ellen drove back to the crater. John was to meet his friend, Dr. Snell, who was an astronomer. Dr. Snell was an expert on meteors.

There were numbers of other people at the crater, including the newspaper owner, Dave Loring.

"Hi, John," said Loring brightly. "Care to make a statement to the press?"

John held up a copy of the morning paper. He gave a bitter laugh. The headline read: STARGAZER SEES MARTIANS.

"Thanks a lot," John said. "But no comment."



Dr. Snell doubts that John saw a spaceship.

John and Ellen went to speak to Dr. Snell. John hoped that Snell would find something that would prove that a spaceship had landed.

"Well," Snell said, "all I've found is this." He held up a dark piece of material.

"What is it?" John asked.

"Meteroic iron," said Snell. "Just what we could expect to find in a meteor crater."

"It was a ship!" John exclaimed. "I saw it!"

"You saw something half-buried in the ground that glowed," Snell said. "Your imagination played a trick on you, John. I'm sorry."

John was most unhappy. He began to believe that he was losing his mind. Ellen spoke kindly to him. "Imagination is a funny thing," she said.

"Yes, yes," John muttered. "You could be right."

Ellen was late to work. She asked John to drive her to the school where she taught. He agreed and they drove off down the road.

A few miles away, they came upon two telephone linemen. John slowed the car and leaned out the window. "Hi, Frank," he called. "Hi, George."

"Lot of excitement you caused," said George. He was a young man who had known John for many years.

"I wish now I'd kept my mouth shut," said John. "What are you guys up to?"

"Noise in the line," said George. "Real strange."

John pricked up his ears. "Noise? . . . Say, do you mind if I have a listen?"

From on top of the pole, Frank called, "Come on up. It's got me beat."

John climbed high up on the telephone truck's ladder. Frank handed him a receiver he had spliced into the line. John held it to his ear.

He heard a weird tinkling sound.

"That's odd," John said. He suggested that they all better drive back toward town keeping their eyes open. Frank and George would drive a different route than John and Ellen. If anybody saw anything, they would call the sheriff.

Frank invites John to listen to strange noises.



John and Ellen followed the phone line up a side road. But they found only the silent desert. Large cactus plants reached their arms toward the hot sky.

Ellen shivered in spite of the heat. "I feel uneasy," she said. "As if we were being watched."

"I know what you mean," John said.

"You may think me foolish," Ellen said, "but I'd like to drive back to find George and Frank and see if they are okay."

John nodded. He turned the car around and drove quickly back up the road. Within a few minutes they came upon the telephone truck.

It was empty. The doors were open. Out in the desert on the side of the road was a cloud of mist.

An eerie mist appears on the desert.





George (Russell Johnson) is acting very strangely.

John examined the truck. He found a smear of blood!

"Oh, Johnny!" Ellen exclaimed.

John went back to the car for the gun he carried. Then he and Ellen carefully approached the misty area. On the sand were bits of glittery matter — just like the stuff John had seen down inside the crater. The two of them heard a faint tinkling sound.

"Hello," said a voice.

Ellen gave a small scream. "You startled us!" she exclaimed, whirling around. George stood there.

"Where's Frank?" John demanded.

George did not answer. His eyes were blank.



Frank has been kidnapped by a being from outer space.

"Where's Frank?" John repeated.

George stared at the gun John still held. In a voice that was oddly flat, he said, "Frank went . . . to look around."

"We were worried when we saw the blood," Ellen said.

"Frank cut his hand," said George. "Everything is all right."

John began to protest. But then he caught sight of something on the ground, sticking out from behind a bush. It was a human hand.

John started to pull Ellen back toward the car. He called to George, "We'll see you later!"

As John and Ellen drove away, John said, "I think Frank has been killed. We've got to bring help!"

The person who looked like George watched the car go. Then he went to the bush and looked down at Frank's body. A strange glow came from George's eyes. Frank groaned and sat up.

"What happened, George?" Frank asked. He looked around groggily. Then he gasped. Lying on the ground not far away was another George!

"Don't be afraid," said the false George. "Your friend will be all right."

Frank gave a cry of terror. Glowing eyes came toward him. And then there was only one huge eye.



Meanwhile, John and Ellen raced into town, to the office of Sheriff Warren.

Warren eyed them coolly as they burst into the room. "The principal just phoned, Ellen," Warren remarked. "Worried when you didn't show up for work."

Ellen exclaimed, "Matt, you've got to listen to what we say. We have some proof now. About what Johnny saw out at the crater!"

"What kind of proof?" asked the Sheriff.

John told him. Reluctantly, Sheriff Warren agreed to go with them. They drove to the place where the telephone truck had been parked. But it was gone.

"It was here, I tell you!" John insisted.

But Sheriff Warren only shook his head. "I'm surprised at you, Ellen," he said. "Going along with this dumb stunt."

"Matt, the truck was here," she said. "And Johnny did see the hand on the ground."

"I'm getting back to town," Warren said. He glared at John. "Putnam, I don't want to hear any more from you! Understand?"

They returned to town. Sheriff Warren stomped into his office and slammed the door. John and Ellen looked helplessly at each other.

"It's like some nightmare," John said to her. "There were no tire tracks, no sign that the truck had been there at all."



Space creatures in disguise walk the streets.

"And George behaved so strangely," Ellen said. "Do you remember how his eyes seemed to glow?"

"I'm beginning to wonder if that was George that we saw," John said.

Ellen was wide-eyed. "What do you mean — ?" She broke off. John was staring at something behind her. She turned. Across the street was the Sand Rock power station. The door was opening. Two figures were coming out.

Their eyes glowed.

An eerie tinkling sound filled the air.



"You're not Frank and George!"

John and Ellen stepped back.

The two people came out of the power station, walking together. They stared straight ahead. They walked in step, like soldiers on parade.

"Frank!" John called. "George! Are you all right?"

Frank was carrying a bag filled with some kind of electrical equipment. The two men went around a corner.

John raced after them.

"Frank! George!" he cried. "Wait for me!"



John followed the two into a dark building. He called, "Hey, wait! Where have you been?"

A voice said, "Keep away." John saw two pairs of eyes glowing in the dark.

"I only want to help — " John began.

"Then keep away, John Putnam," said the voice.

"We don't want to hurt anyone."

"You're not Frank and George!" John exclaimed.

"They will not be harmed," said the voice. "Only give us time to do what must be done. If you do not — terrible things will happen . . ."



Tom the miner meets a space visitor.

AT THE OLD MINE

That night, a miner named Tom led his mule along the old mine trail. The animal rolled its eyes and squealed. Tom pulled on the lead-rope.

"What's wrong with you, mule?" Tom asked.

The mule put its ears back and stopped dead. Tom yanked on the rope, but the mule wouldn't budge.

"Come on, darn you!" Tom complained. "Sam and Toby are waiting for us at the mine. They will be hungry, and we've got the grub."

The mule reared and broke away. It galloped off into the night. Tom watched it in dismay. Then he heard a peculiar tinkling sound. He turned . . . and let out a yell before he fell to the ground.

Not far away, near the entrance to the mine, Tom's friends looked at each other.

"You hear something, Toby?" Sam asked.

"Just owls," Toby replied. He held up a lantern. "I wish Tom would get here with the food. A hard day's work makes a man hungry."

"We'll work harder tomorrow," Sam said. "We have to prop up the whole lower level of the mine where the meteor shook 'er up."

Toby cocked his head. "Hey — ! Here's Tom now!"

The two went to meet their friend. By the time they noticed Tom's glowing eyes, it was too late to run away.

The other miners wonder about Tom.





Poor John wonders if he is going crazy.

Meanwhile, Ellen had come to visit John. He was feeling very low. The two of them listened to the radio.

The news wasn't very cheering. "No one had yet turned up any bug-eyed monsters threatening Earth," said a newsman. "And so it seems that the mystery object that fell from the sky was a meteor after all. And the tale of an alien spaceship is merely a hoax, dreamed up by a science fiction writer seeking publicity."

John closed his eyes, as if in pain. Ellen turned off the radio.

"Perhaps I'd better go home," Ellen said.

"It might be best," John agreed sadly. "There seems to be nothing we can do, except wait."

The doorbell rang. Ellen went to answer it. She opened the door and saw . . . a Martian!

Ellen gave a cry. And then she laughed. It was only young Perry Jones, dressed up in a space monster costume.

"Sheriff wants to see Johnny," the kid said, lifting his mask and grinning. "Telephone's not working."

"We'll go right away," John said.

He and Ellen drove to the Sheriff's office. They found two women waiting with Sheriff Warren.

"You know Mrs. Daylon, Frank's wife," Warren said to John. "And this is Miss Dean, a friend of George's."

John and Ellen greeted the women. "What's this all about?" John asked.

Mrs. Daylon began to cry. She said that Frank had not come home. Miss Dean said that no one had seen George, either.

John and Ellen looked at one another. John said, "We saw them earlier today. I'm sure they're all right."

Ellen tried to reassure the women. She said she would take them home in John's car.

When all three women were gone, John tried to tell the Sheriff about the creatures with the glowing eyes who only seemed to be Frank and George.

"Let me get this straight," Warren said. "You say these 'things' — took on the form of Frank and George?"

"That's what I think. They said to trust them. To give them time to — work out whatever it is." John shook his head. "I know it sounds crazy — "

"You better believe it does!" Warren exploded.

John tried to be reasonable. "Suppose I really did see a spaceship. Suppose it crashed! Suppose those creatures from outer space needed time to fix the ship and get supplies. That telephone truck was loaded with all kinds of electrical equipment. And they took things from the power plant, too."

Sheriff Warren listened. For the first time, he began to wonder whether John Putnam was as crazy as he seemed to be.

On the other side of town, Ellen had just dropped off Mrs. Daylon. She drove along a dark road.

Something stood in the road ahead. Ellen stepped on the brakes. It was Frank! Ellen smiled with relief. But then terror hit her. Was it the real Frank — or was it the other Frank?

The man spoke to her through the car window. "Hello, Ellen. I'm glad you came." Before she could react, he opened the car door and slid in beside her.

"I'll take you home," she said, trying to hide her panic.

"Take me to the mine, Ellen," said the man beside her. His eyes glowed. They were huge. She seemed to be swallowed by them . . .





It seems to be Ellen — but is it?

Back in Sheriff Warren's office, the phone rang. Warren answered it, then handed the phone to John. "It's for you, Putnam."

John said, "Hello?" And then he heard the tinkling sound. His heart froze. A strange, flat voice spoke to him. He listened, then hung up the phone. His face wore a hopeless expression.

"They've got Ellen," he told the Sheriff.

The two of them raced out into the desert in the Sheriff's patrol car. "They want to talk to me alone," John told Warren. He went off, as he had been told to do, to meet Ellen and her captor in the desert near the old mine.

"Ellen!" John called. And then he saw her, high on a ridge.

Ellen turned and ran. John followed. He came to the mine entrance. She was somewhere inside.

"Ellen?" he called.

"She is here," said a voice. "She is safe. All of your people are safe. We are repairing our ship. It is almost done. You must make sure that we are not disturbed."

"Why do you hide behind other people's bodies?" John cried. "Why don't you let us see you?"

"You are not ready to see us. We are fearful-looking to your eyes. You would be horrified. You would want to kill us."

"We wouldn't!" John cried. "Show me!"

So the creature did.



John gave a cry of fear and disgust.

"Now do you understand?" the creature said. Its voice was sad. "Our bodies are strange, even though our minds are very much like yours. We have come to your world by accident. All we want is to repair our ship and go away. But if we came to you openly for help, you would be afraid. You would try to destroy us."

"Why have you taken our people captive?" John asked. "If you really are peaceful, let them go!"

"We will keep them hostage," the creature said, "until our ship is ready to leave. You must see that we are left alone to do our work. Now go away and tell the others."

John turned away from the mine. He trudged back to Sheriff Warren, his mind in a daze. He tried to tell the lawman what the creature had said. But it was useless. Warren simply drove John home. He vowed to keep looking for Ellen.

John entered his house. On the floor, in front of a closet, was a track of glittery matter. The beings from outer space had been in his house! They had taken some of his clothes. At that very moment, one of them might be walking the town — disguised as him!

John could only do one thing. He went back to the Sheriff's office and told him what had happened.

"Maybe that critter in the mine lied to you," the Sheriff said. "Maybe it's not so peaceful! If so, the folks in the mine — including Ellen — cou'd be in deadly danger!"

John learns that the space creatures have been prowling.





John stops the Sheriff from shooting a creature.

"Then you do believe that the spaceship and the creatures are real?" John asked.

"I don't know what to believe!" Warren shouted. "But I'm going to search that mine! I'll get a posse and then —"

He broke off. Outside the window, Frank was walking by! Or was it a space creature disguised as Frank? The Sheriff grabbed up a gun and yelled, "Hey, you! Stop where you are!"

The creature who looked like Frank walked on. Warren raised his gun to fire. At that moment, John jumped him. The two men wrestled. Finally, the Sheriff threw John off and dashed to the door. He saw a telephone truck driving away. "That does it!" he yelled.

"I couldn't let you shoot!" John said. "If you kill one of them, they might harm the hostages. They might harm Ellen!"

The Sheriff did not bother to answer John. He called to the men who were standing nearby. He told them to get guns and follow him. Then he and his posse started off on a short-cut to the mine.

The Sheriff set up a roadblock, hoping to stop the telephone truck and its driver. Soon the truck appeared, but refused to stop. Sheriff Warren and the men opened fire. The truck swerved, crashed, and burst into flame. The men could see a body inside.

It was not human.

The posse opens fire on a space creature.





In the mine, John meets the false Ellen.

ESCAPE FROM A HOSTILE PLANET

Meanwhile, John came to the mine by the main road. He took a flashlight and his gun and entered the dark tunnel. Deeper and deeper he went. He was sure that the mine must back up against the lower part of the crater on the other side of the ridge.

There was a sound. He shone the flashlight into the blackness and saw Ellen. "Are you all right?" he called.

The woman answered coldly. "What have you done?"

"The Sheriff's coming! You've got to get out!" he cried. "I couldn't stop them!"

The thing that looked like Ellen raised some kind of a weapon. "We didn't want to use violence," it said. "You leave us no choice."

The weapon gave off a bright ray of light. Behind John, a rock was cut in two. John raised his gun and fired at the creature again and again. For a moment, it seemed that Ellen was there, falling. But the thing that died was not a human woman at all.

John went deeper into the mine. He heard sounds, saw light. And then he came into an underground chamber like a large cave. There was the enormous round ship, just as he remembered it.

And there were all of the missing people. Including a leader who looked just like himself — John Putnam.

Beings from space, disguised as humans, confront John.



Outside the mine, Sheriff Warren and the posse had arrived. They crouched in front of the entrance, guns ready.

Deep underground, John confronted the creature who looked like him.

"We are so close to success," the creature said. "We nearly have the ship repaired. But now you have brought the others here to destroy us."

"No!" John protested.

"Two of our number are already dead," the thing from outer space said. "Now armed men will come into the mine. We cannot allow our ship to fall into their hands. It is a source of vast power. You Earth people are not ready to be trusted with it. We will destroy the ship, and you will die with us. All of you."

The posse surrounds the mine entrance.





The awesome power of the spaceship is tested.

The disguised creatures stood behind their leader. A sudden blaze of light came from the engines of the downed spaceship.

"Wait!" John shouted. "If I take the hostages out, perhaps I can hold back the sheriff. You can finish your work."

The creature thought for a moment. Finally he said, "Very well. We will trust you, John Putnam . . . for a little while."

A second group of people came from behind the ship: it was the real Ellen, Frank, and George. And the three miners were there, with Dr. Snell and his helper, who had vanished the day before.



John said, "This way out! Hurry!"

They all ran through the dark tunnel.

"We've got to keep the Sheriff from coming down here," John said. "Block off the entrance somehow."

One of the miners said, "We've got dynamite! That would do the trick!"

John, and the miner named Sam, found the dynamite box near the mine entrance. The other hostages ran out to meet the Sheriff and warn him not to come close to the mine.

In a few minutes, John and Sam were ready. They set off the dynamite. A great blast sealed the opening leading to the mine.

Sheriff Warren cried out, "Good for you, Johnny! That takes care of the monsters!"

John nodded. He said softly, "Yes. It sure does."

Ellen stood beside John. Suddenly she said, "I hear something!"

The others heard it too. A deep rumble came from the earth. As the people watched, the ground erupted. A soaring ball of light leaped into the air and roared into the night sky. In an instant, it was gone.

"They've gone home," Ellen said.

"They'll be back," said John. "Some day."

MONSTERS



I SUGGEST
YOU READ ABOUT
MY FRIENDS!

**THE BLOB
DRACULA
GODZILLA
KING KONG
THE MUMMY
FRANKENSTEIN
MAD SCIENTISTS
THE WOLF MAN
THE DEADLY MANTIS
IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
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